

THE COMET.

VOL. I.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884.

NO. 10.

Francis Murphey, the blue-ribbon crusader, has begun a temperance revival in Chicago.

Mrs. Thackara, the daughter of General Sherman, is very popular in Washington.

Gen. Gordon announces his intention to raise \$1,000,000 for the Confederate Home in Richmond.

Senator Anthony owns half of the Providence Journal. His share of the profits amounts to about \$35,000 a year.

The Republicans think Carlisle one of the most impartial and one of the ablest speakers Congress has ever had.

Pedestrian Fitzgerald made in the New York walking match \$9,456; Rowell, \$3,670; Panchot, \$2,004, and four others from \$500 to \$1,000 each.

The Rev. W. W. Bays will preach before the Young Men's Christian Association of Emory & Henry college, the Sunday night before commencement.

Eight tall brothers named Hoffenfinger reside in Berks County, Pennsylvania. Their combined height is forty-eight feet two inches, and weight 1,440 pounds.

Mrs. Dubuys, of Pass Christian, daughter of Gen. G. Sherman, is the owner of one of the loveliest rose gardens in Mississippi. She has 350 varieties of roses in it.

Augusta Evans Wilson is described by a female friend, who admires her and her novels, as auburn-haired, blue-eyed, tastefully-dressed, medium-sized, and, alas! "middle-aged."

The Tennessee Democrats propose to send Senator Isham G. Harris to Chicago at the head of a strong tariff reform delegation. Tennessee appears to be solid against protection robbery.—Augusta (Ga.) News.

Edward King writes from Paris: "It is said that a sculptor in Rome is making a statue of John C. Calhoun forty feet high. It is to be placed on a platform in a palmetto grove in Calhoun's native State."

Mr. Sargent is to be entertained at a banquet by the American colony in Berlin, before his departure for America, the 25th instant. Minister Levi P. Morton, of Paris, and Ex-Minister General Noyle have been invited.

"In Siberia you can purchase a wife for eight dogs." As long as girls can be had for the asking in this country, very few of our young men will go to Siberia to procure a wife. And one who has seen a Siberian wife will wonder why they come so terribly high.

A new poetess from the West remarks: "If love you give, no more I'll ask." When this poetess has a little more experience she will learn that there are times when a single cold potato possesses more intrinsic worth than a whole moonlight evening full of love.

A mormon saint, the senior partner in a Salt Lake liquor store, was chosen on a Saturday to preach the Gospel in Great Britain, and the mormon police, ignorant of the fact, with in twenty-four hours arrested him for selling liquor on Sunday, for which he was fined \$50.

George Bliss has engaged headquarters at Chicago and will be a busy man at the Republican National Convention. William Pitt Kellogg will also be there at the head of the Louisiana delegation, and Bliss will have such use of the Kellogg delegation as he may want.

Chicago, May 10.—Burton C. Cook, delegate at large, from Illinois to the National Republican Convention today received from Senator John H. Clough, Senator Logan's proxy as a member of the National Committee. Mr. Clough contemplates going to California during the convention.

Gen. J. R. Hawley has been obliged to cancel his Smith College engagement to give the commencement address, because of an act of the Connecticut legislature, appointing him to give the address on the unveiling of the Governor Buckingham monument, an occurrence of the same day.

Charles A. Gardner, of Rochester, N. Y., who died on the eve of his wedding, left the bulk of his estate, valued at \$100,000, to his intended wife. This property was left by his father, Judge Addison Gardner, in trust for his son. It is said there will be a contest on the ground that Charles A. Gardner could not will a trust.

A few days ago a man in New York was fined \$3000 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. Almost simultaneously a tavern keeper in Chicago was fined \$5 for selling whiskey to children. From these two facts it would appear that the preservation of the morals of the giraffe stands higher than the protection of children.

Col. Ignatius E. Shumate, of Dalton, Ga., has been chosen to deliver the annual literary address at the approaching commencement of Emory & Henry college. He is an alumnus of the college, and a man of marked individuality. He takes high rank as a lawyer in his State.

A telegram has been received from New Mexico by Representative Springer stating that Mr. Dorsey had gone to Texas and would be absent two or three weeks. Colonel Ingersoll has informed Mr. Springer that he advised Ex-Senator Dorsey not to appear as a witness before the committee investigating the Star route cases.

A party of Philadelphians have contracted for the erection of a building in the shape of an elephant on the bench near the lighthouse at Cape May. It is to be finished by July 1 and its dimensions will be eighty-seven feet long and sixty-five feet high. It will be painted a bluish white and will be known as the Light of Asia.

Charles F. Ritchel, of Bridgeport, who tried to invent a flying machine, will get \$100,000 to perfect the invention with from the estate of Maxwell, a millionaire brewer at Milwaukee, who left \$500,000 for experiments in aerial navigation, one-fifth of it being specified as for Ritchel's machine. Ritchel will begin experiments on a large scale.

The President's room, adjoining the marble room of the Senate, is the richest, most luxuriously furnished room about the Capitol. The carpet is of a bright scarlet, with crimson figured border. The easy chairs and lounge are upholstered in red Cordovan leather, with scolloped valances, embossed or stamped in gold with miniature eagles. Great mirrors, facing each other, and reaching from the floor to the vaulted ceiling, reduplicate in illimitable perspective whatever happens to be within their focus. If a visitor bows, the motion is repeated in the glass in amazing multiplication of the figures.

Henry Bergh on cremation: "Dr. Gross, I see, left orders that he should be cremated. I favor cremation for various reasons. I believe that on hygienic principles the cemeteries should be gradually removed and abandoned. The waters flowing through the earth should be uncontaminated and not carry the refuse of decayed and lifeless humanity. As we advance in progress and civilization the cremation problem will be solved just as the relief of suffering animals has been solved. I have been asked to take an active part in the establishment of a crematory here. I have declined, for the reason that my life work is devoted to another cause."

Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, son-in-law of the Empress of India and just now the morganatic husband of Countess Alexandrine Czapski, divorced wife of De Kalemiano, is bound to become famous. When Louis IV. took the Queen's daughter Alice to be his lawful wife he got along with her a dowry of £80,000 and an income of £6,000 a year. But for all that it appears, from advance notices of the Queen's new book, giving the correspondence between the Princess Alice and her mother, which is to be issued next Monday, that Louis IV. kept his English wife in a house that would be small and mean even for plain middle-class English people, that there never was money enough to provide dinner for company, that when the babies were born the Queen had to send money to pay the doctors' bill and furnish the clothes. No wonder Beatrice did not want such a man for her husband, and it is to be hoped that the new morganatic wife has money as well as beauty, or she may come short of her breakfast now and then, besides losing her character as Louis' unlawful bride.

Giving Himself Away.

"Where were you last Sunday, Robbie?" asked the teacher of one of the brightest scholars in her Sunday school class.

"My mother kept me at home."

"Now, Robbie, do you know where little boys go to when they play truant from Sunday school?"

"Yes, mam."

"Where?"

"They go fishin'!" exclaimed the boy, letting the whole feline family out of the envelope.

The Largest Gun in the Country.

There was successfully cast last week at the South Boston Iron Works, in fulfillment of a contract with the United States Government, the largest gun ever constructed in this country. When fully completed it will be about thirty feet in length, of twelve-inch rifle bore and will weigh 212,000 pounds. The cost of the gun will be \$28,000, or one-half the sum a steel would have cost. It is calculated to be able to throw a projectile a distance of six miles.

Want of Knowledge in Music.

Ignorance and want of taste in hearers is sometimes a source of great annoyance to performers who are striving to produce effect. As an illustration, we will mention a fact that occurred in Constantinople. An English band once performed for the entertainment of the Sultan and his court. At the conclusion he requested them to play the first piece again, as he liked that better than any of the others. They re-commenced with the first piece on the programme. They were quickly stopped, however, as it was not the right one. They tried another and another with as little success, till the whole programme was exhausted. The leader then suggested to the performers that perhaps he mistook their tuning the instruments for a piece, and they accordingly began to tune them again, when the incarnate royalty exclaimed: "Is hallah! Heaven be praised!—that is it!"

A similar accident occurred to Signor Ostinelli, heretofore well-known throughout New England as one of the best violin players and teachers in Boston. With several musical friends he was out on a little tour giving musical entertainments. They accepted an invitation to visit a village, where they were told they would find people of taste and education who would appreciate their performance and patronize them well. They went, but found a small audience. Not disheartened, they determined to win golden applause by astonishing the few, if nothing more. All their efforts seemed in vain. Not a clap nor a stamp of applause was elicited, but all were astill and demure as if at a funeral or a Quaker meeting. At last Ostinelli said: "Wait a leetle, I give dem de grand solo." He presented himself before them, violin in hand, expecting to receive that applause which always greeted his appearance on such occasions. He flourished his bow and ran his fingers with astonishing velocity all over the finger board. He sawed and sawed away, getting more and more excited, until he played as if the very genius of inspiration had settled upon him. He fairly outdid himself in the opinion of his musical companions. But it was all to no purpose—the audience sat unmoved and silent, as if waiting for something; not receiving. The fantasia which he was playing ended with an exquisite finale. He bowed and bowed, and was moving off the stage when one of the audience called out: "Look a-here, now; you have been tuning your darned old fiddle about long enough; can't you give us a tune now?"

Death in the Slope.

The Mount Pleasant Mine, Scranton, Pa., is entered through a slope of 1,200 feet long, and driven at an angle of 33 degrees, through which the coal is hoisted up.

Shortly after seven o'clock one morning a party of about six miners started to walk down the shaft. When about half way down, the men at the headhouse proceeded to lower empty cars for the miners, according to custom. These cars are attached to a wire rope by means of a chain twenty feet long, to the end of which a stout, though somewhat clumsy belt hook, is affixed, and this in turn grapples a link fixed in the end of the car. As the workmen had just pushed the first car from the landing the grappling hook became detached, and the car dashed down the steep slope with lightning-like rapidity, overtaking David Owens, Evan Davies and Thomas Sterritt about midway in the gloomy passage.

Owens and Davies were instantly killed and thrown some forty feet from where they were struck. Sterritt received a horrible gash across the forehead and was rendered insensible. The car jumped the track at this point, and knocked down some of the props supporting the roof, causing a shower of rocks to fall down and smash the car and block up the slope. The men accompanying those who were struck took refuge behind the track in a narrow bed scooped out of the rock, and escaped unhurt.

Hints to young Mothers.

Some mothers do not know what to do with the baby on the nurse's "coddling out." Various plans of disposing of him have been suggested to us. One way is to put the kitten to bed with him, and then go to the theatre. This, however, has been objected to by Mr. Bergh as being cruel to the kitten. Another method is to let his papa walk up and down the nursery while he sings him to sleep in his arms; this, however, is bad for the baby's morals, as he is apt to pick up many strange and curious interjections from his father. The most popular method is to leave him alone upstairs with the door shut, while you drown any possible noise he might make by playing "Baby Mine" on the piano in the parlor.

General Grant's Ruin.

New York, May 10.—George Jones, of the New York Times says: General Grant's fund of \$250,000 is absolutely safe. I don't know where his enemies find their lies. The funds is invested in Toledo and Wabash second mortgage bonds, interest payable quarterly, and guaranteed principal and interest by the heirs of the late Governor E. D. Morgan. Hitherto we have paid interest annually. The first of May of each year has found the General in possession of \$15,140 interest in full on the investment. Hereafter we shall pay him quarterly, not only because he needs the money, but because we do not mean that any one else shall lay hands on it. General Grant could not touch a dollar of the principal even if he desired to do so, any more than I could. He can will it, however, at his death to his heirs. I was with General Grant on Sunday last, and he was in complete ignorance of the impending disaster. Other than this fund he does not possess a dollar, and more than that, he is deeply and irretrievably in debt. What he did in Wall street, he did for his sons, and it seems too bad that this man who has done so much for his country, should be left in his old age dependent on a nation he helped to save.

Ben Butler.

The Globe prints the substance of a private letter from a prominent Michigan politician, declaring that the Butler sentiment in that State is rapidly extending from Nationals to the Democrats. "A year ago," he says, "not twenty men thought of him as President. Now, everything is changed, not only the Nationals are heart and soul for him, but the Democrats are working up to his availability as a candidate, the leader seeing that Butler is really the people's choice." He feels confident that he will get a fair share of the Michigan delegates to the Democratic Convention in Chicago; only one or two Democratic papers are opposed him, and several have already declared for him. The Detroit Evening News, an independent paper, with the largest and most general circulation of any Michigan paper, says, "If Butler were in the White House, he would have brought the whole gang of scoundrels to justice, though every man in Congress on both sides, and every scap lawyer in New York and Washington rose up in their defense. Oh, for four years of the hero of Terkbury!"

A Trifling Difference.

A Jersey man called upon a Newark lawyer the other day and announced that "his rich brother had drawn up a will and died, and that—"

"Oh! I see!" interrupted the attorney, "and you want me to bust it. Very well, sit; we'll plead insanity."

"Oh, no—he wasn't insane. You see the will leaves everything to—"

"To his second wife, or some church or college. Have no fears, my dear sir. I can bust the business high-sky. We'll plead undue influence."

"But I influenced him myself!"

"Ah, that alters the case somewhat; but I'll prove to the jury that he was afflicted with softening of the brain."

"For Heaven's sake, don't do it!"

"But I must and shall bust the will."

"Then, I'll have to find a lawyer who can't for it's drawn in my favor, and I want to beat the other heirs!"

"Ah! Certainly! That alters the case. Your brother was sane, sensible and in perfect health, and all the lawyers this side of Halifax can't break that will! Sit down, sir!"

Josh Billing's Guide to Health.

Be honest if you can, if you can't be honest, pray for help.

Never run into debt if you can find anything else to run into.

Exercise in open air, but don't saw wood until you are obliged to.

Laff every time you feel tickled, laff once in a while anyhow.

Marry young, and if you make a hit keep cool and don't brag about it.

Don't swear—it may convince others, but it is sure not to convince you.

Don't jaw back—it proves that you are as big a phool as the other phello.

Eat wash washing days and be thankful, if you have to shut your eyes to do it.

Be kind to your mother-in-law, and if necessary, pay her board at some good hotel.

Don't drink too much new cider, and however mean you be, don't abuse a cow.

Never borrow what you are not able to buy, and always have some things you won't lend.

Bathe thoroughly once a week in soft water and kaseel soap, and avoid the boots.

Never get in a hurry you can walk a great deal further in a day than you can run.

Hold the baby half the time, always start the fire in the morning and put on the teakettle.

Judah P. Benjamin Dead.

Judah P. Benjamin, the distinguished lawyer and advocate and ex-member of the government of the Southern Confederacy, is dead.

He died in his apartments, Avenue Jena, Paris. He had been in failing health ever since he fell, while descending from a tramway car, several years ago.

Mr. Benjamin was in his seventy-third year. He was born of English parents of the Jewish faith in the Danish West Indies, but was brought up in North Carolina. He went to college in Connecticut and practiced law in New Orleans. Originally a whig, he became a Democrat in the Know-Nothing excitement and was as such elected to the United States Senate from Louisiana in 1852. He left the Senate with the secession of his State and became Attorney General and afterwards Secretary of State of the Confederacy. At the close of the war he escaped to England, where he was immediately called to the bar and established so successful a practice that he was enabled, a year or two ago, to retire with a fortune.

Randall's Prospects.

Mr. Randall's alleged widespread popularity seems to have great difficulty in spreading itself beyond the confines of the State of Pennsylvania. It appears to dread exposure, and has to be kept in-doors to prevent it from being nipped by the late frosts. "Pig Iron" Kelly and Randall appear to entertain pretty much the same kind of patriotic sentiments. They are both in favor of Pennsylvania first, and the country at large afterwards. There are a great many Democrats who believe that Randall is the Jonah of the party, who will wreck the ship and compel the crew, if any survive, to languish on the desert island of political defeat, unless the said Jonah is urged to step overboard. He is an infinitely more dangerous man to the National Democracy than John Kelly is to the party in New York State. The fault is really not with Randall. He is not to blame that the State of Pennsylvania is not large enough to take in the United States, or that he himself is not smart enough to take in his own party, much less that very influential individual in a closely contested election—the Independent voter.

A Young Lawyer Starved to Death.

For the first time in recorded history a lawyer has starved to death. A young man has just encountered that sad fate in Concord, New Hampshire, and, as the case appears to be fairly well authenticated, the sorrowful exception deserves to be noted.

It has long been asserted that New England was going into a decadence. But no evidences of the facts so convincing as this case have ever been adduced before. Young lawyers here gone from New England to every part of this country. Instead of dying of starvation it has been their clients who have suffered, while they themselves have bought out the towns of their residence or have gone on until they have reached Congress or other high honors their communities had to confer.

It may be said in excuse for this case that the man was very young, very modest and a stranger. But no New England lawyer ever before starved even under these discouraging conditions. It simply shows that the decadence of New England is absolute and that the remnant of young lawyers left in the State are not made of the same kind of stuff as those who have gone out.—Philadelphia Times.

He Did Not.

"Do you drink anything Migg?" asked a merchant of his head book-keeper.

"No sir," came back the prompt answer.

The merchant relapsed into silence, but presently spoke.

"I'm sorry to doubt your word, Migg, but I'll swear I saw you drunk yesterday."

"I have no doubt but what you did, sir."

"But didn't you say just now that you did not drink anything?"

"I did sir."

"Then, how came you drunk?"

"You will observe," answered the book-keeper, "that you asked me if I drank anything; to that question I answered emphatically no; for if I drank anything I would soon be poisoned; I am quite choiced with my drinks, and kill nothing but pure old rye whiskey."

A Nip-and-Tuck Fight With Satan.

The thirty Mohammedans traveling with Forepaugh's Show five times a each day piously kneel, turn their faces toward the east and repeat a prayer. We should think it would be necessary for a man traveling with a circus to pray at least five times a day if he wished to retain his grip on religion.—Norristown Herald.

The Harem of Hadj Ahmed, Last Bey of Constantine.

When the French finally reduced Constantine, one of the Algerine cities, in 1848, the palace of Hadj Ahmed excited general admiration, and the woman of his large harem caused unusual curiosity and compassion, from the tales spread of his cruelty to them. He sprang from a wealthy family of the place, and had been Khalifa under the Bey Ibrahim-el-Rabbi, but, exciting the jealousy of that ruler, fled to Algiers. There he won the goodwill of the pasha, and in 1826 became himself Bey of Constantine.

His cruelties were the theme of every tongue. A summer-house used to be shown in his garden where he was accustomed to sit and smoke, while his harem, all attired in their finest array, passed one by one before him. They were requested to keep their eyes cast down, their arms folded across their breast in a modest attitude. One day one of these women, as she passed through the garden, plucked an orange. The Hadj Ahmed ordered her hand to be nailed up to the tree.

One of his four wives was an Italian girl named Aicha, carried off when a child, with her brother. She was a queenly young woman, and, after the French occupation, was instructed, and in time married a French officer. Her influence had been great with the Hadj Ahmed, yet when her brother, after rising to a high rank in the army, discovered finally that his sister was in the harem, the Hadj Ahmed put him to death for daring to ask to see her.

One day some of the women found a pipe, and, to divert themselves, dressed one of their number in a turban and robes, and set her up to smoke while they waited upon her. Hadj Ahmed burst in upon the childish scene, tore his mock representative from her seat of honor, and had her mouth sewed up as a punishment for daring to place his pipe within it, and ordered her put to death.

From time to time, during his rule, two men would be seen at night, one bearing to the height overlooking the valley of the Round a long box open at each end, the other a white sack from which smothered moans escaped. Halting at three stones, the box was placed on the middle one the sack slipped in, one end of the box raised, and the sack shot down a precipice of six hundred feet. Some hours later men approached the sack on the rocky bank of the river, opened it, took out a woman's corpse, and conveyed it to the grave.

This monster lived many years after his overthrow, and died an object of horror.

A Soldier's Bright Idea.

One day soon after Pope's defeat at second Bull Run and Chantilly, a private soldier belonging to an Ohio regiment sought an interview with his captain, and announced that he had a plan for a military campaign, which must certainly result in crushing out the rebellion. The officer very naturally inquired for particulars, but the soldier refused to reveal them, and asked for a chance to lay his plans before Pope himself. After some delay he was given a pass to headquarters. He did not get to see Pope, but after the chief of staff had coaxed and promised and threatened for a quarter of an hour the Buckeye stood up and replied:

"Well, sir, my plan is for John Pope and Bob Lee to swap commands, and if we don't lick the South inside of sixty days you may shoot me for a patent hay fork swindler!"

When he returned to camp he was naturally asked what success he met with, and he ruefully replied:

"Wall, they had a plan of their own."

"What was it?"

"Why, they took me out and booted me for a mile and a half!"—Detroit Free Press.

Tariff for Revenue Only.

The good people of former days had a queer idea of what constituted a sinful posture. The New Haven colony in 1639 passed a statute with the following clause: "Whosoever shall in-voile or draw the affections of any maide or maide servant, either to himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offence 40 shillings; the second £4; for the third she shall be imprisoned or corporally punished. Under this law, at a court held in May, 1639, Jacobeth Martins and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted "for setting down on a chest together, his arm around her waist and her arm upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continued in that sinful posture about an hour, in which time he kissed her, and she kissed him, he kissed one another, as yo witnesses testified."

"Papa, what is the tariff?" asked a congressman's little boy, cazing compassionately at the youthful knowledge-seeker and sadly shaking his head, the father replied: "My son, I cannot tell a lie; I do not know."

Sam. J. Tilden.

The Young Men's Democratic League, of Cleveland, has resolved as follows: That in the opinion of the Young Men's Democratic League, the standard bearer who can lead the Democratic party to victory in the coming presidential campaign, is the Hon. S. J. Tilden.

Resolved: That we do all in our power to bring about the nomination of the Hon. S. J. Tilden, believing it to be a matter of justice to the American people, the Democratic party and the gentleman himself. Tilden endorsement received at the hands of his countrymen, at a previous election, but reflects the sentiment and wishes of the American people to-day. We believe that the same sentiment which has buried that monument of American fraud, R. B. Hayes in eternal oblivion, has endeared the man whom they elected to preside over the destinies of the great nation, to them in a like degree.

The Indian and the Dude.

On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short-statured, straight-haired, copper-colored Indian, going back to the reservation after a trip to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes, which fitted him badly, and a paper collar without any necktie. He attended strictly to his own business.

A young prig came into the smoking car.

"An Indian, I guess," said the young chap, lighting a cigarette.

Approaching the son of the plains he attracted general attention by shouting, with strange gestures:

"Ugh, heap big Injun? Omaha? Sioux? Pawnee? See Great Father? Have a drink fire-water?"

The copper-colored savage gazed at the young man a moment with an ill concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said with good pronunciation:

"You must have been reading some dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the East at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No, I do not drink whiskey. Where I live gentlemen do not carry whiskey flasks in their pockets."

The cigarette was not smoked out, and, amid a general laugh, the crest-fallen young man retired to the sleeping coach.

The Whole Art of Whistling.

The performances of the locomotive whistle we are told have been systematized on a western railroad. Seven whistles are to indicate "down brakes," thirty-two whistles, "up brakes," forty whistles and two snorts, a "back-up." The instructions add: "In case of doubt, whistle like the d—!" at street crossings, "whistle considerably." Again, "Always whistle before dinner. Require the fireman to keep the whistle-valve open during dinner. After dinner, whistle and squirt water, then back up. Then go ahead with a whistle, a squirt and a sing."

Expecting too Much.

"Did you notice what a boor that man was who sat next to you?" asked one lady of another as the pair stepped off a Wood-ward avenue car the other day.

"How?"

"Why he refused to pass up the fare for the lady in lavender silk."

"Oh, well, you see they were divorced only two week ago, and it couldn't be expected that he would recover his composure this soon. It is a mean trick in any divorced woman to expect her ex husband to pass alimony up to the fare box."

In the Choir.

During the sermon one of the quartet fell asleep.

"Now's your chance," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you can cantele the tenor."

"You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto.

"You'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass.

"I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Pralno," remarked the boy that pumped the organ; but he said it solo that no one quartet.

How He Does It.—Sharp clerk. There is a beautiful piece of goods, Miss. It will make up very handsome and I am sure will become either you or your sister.

Lady purchaser, blushing.—Why—ahem—so it is. Yes, I think I can trust to your judgment. Suppose you cut me off twenty yards.

As they are leaving the store.—Why, mamma, why didn't you tell him I was your—

Lady.—Hush. Do be still, Maud.

You chatter too continually.

Sharp clerk, to a man at the counter. Did you see me work here? Twenty per cent on that; it's that stuff left over from last spring.